compartmentalizes) in himself features of what Rothman sees as two sides of the same movement, the identification of problems in the asylum, and their cosmetic "solution" in ways that actually consolidate them. On Clarke's "banishment" see C.B. Farrar, "I remember C.I. Clarke (1857-1957)," American Journal of Psychiatry 114 (October, 1957), 114. See also Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.D. McPherson Files, Letter of December 28, 1918 to All Superintendents, Container 47, Dr. Harvey Clare Folder. Dr. Clare advises the superintendents of the Ontario Hospitals of Clarke's and Dr. C.B. Farrar's intention to visit "the various Provincial Hospitals on behalf of the Soldiers' civil Re-establishment" and warns them that "no general inspection of the wards or other portions of Provincial Institutions is feasible other than by the regularly appointed Inspector, without notice from this Department" (Clare had been appointed Assistant Inspector on August 29, 1918).

cxxv. The title a quotation from the following fragment, by Mr. Robert, admitted on July 27, 1909.

My new bed is in a good place
And the lunies are going a pace
Telling there troubles in there delusions
So now I come to a conclusion

Its hard to tell who won the race
For they certainly did go a pace
One would start the other to lark
Then all of a sudden a good bark

Its a treat when they get done
Then of course cease of fun
No doubt they'd make you laugh
then you feel if your going daft

Now I'm going to conclude
For I said all thats thrude [?]
Of course we all like a laugh
I write this Jake on your behalf

Jake ---- and I spent a good time
In Mimico's beautiful house of Zion
He certainly was a friend to me
So he's a good fellow you can see

Four years are passed and gone
When Jake and I would cricket on the lawn
A walk and talk we often had
When I think of old times it make[s] me sad

cxxvi. One of Miss Dickens's poems is reproduced below, for its depiction of some of the routines of Asylum life.

Our Day
(It's best not to mention the night.)

After the bath is over,
After we all get dry;
Then the coal-oil is sprinkled,
To make the aviators fly.